2: Batchelor M-5 (1877-1924) 1927
AB6 Ainu AB6

117 he had been and why he desired me to lie so close, he informed me that he had been to officiate as chief at a funeral, and the people did not like strangers to see where they hid their dead away. Knowing something about their thoughts on death and burial and what was supposed to happen after, I let the subject abide then, intending to find out more at some future time. The opportunity came with the death of Chief Penri's mother.

I had been away on furlough in England and when I returned I went off again to Piratori to visit old friends and scenes. There I heard of the death of my old friend—Penri's mother—of sugar and tobacco fame. She was dead and buried. Though it was not customary for the Ainu to talk of deceased persons, I thought that I might perhaps venture to inquire about this old lady, for she and I had really become very good friends, old witch though she was. I broached the subject and got along very well till I asked to be allowed to visit her grave. The chief demurred at this and said he could not take me. At last, however, he consented to show me the way. Off we went, but he would not go to within some sixty yards of the spot, and I had therefore to proceed alone. There he stood far off, watching and directing me. The dear old man was actually afraid of his old mother's ghost! He excused his timidity with the following piece of lore: "If a person should tread upon a grave, it matters not how old it may be, he will surely be punished. Therefore take warning. Beware!" All I could see at the grave was a post set up at the head and a few broken utensils scattered about over the place. The branches covering it were from the unlucky elder tree.

Self-preservation is undoubtedly among the first laws of nature. Penri knew this and acted upon it largely, for I found that he had not merely a kindly

3: Hitchcock N-5 (1888) 1891 AB6 Ainu AB6

342 the wood pile, there is a small, tent-like structure made of poles covered with Japanese straw mats. There are several such tents in the village, and on venturing to peep into them, much to the evident distaste of the natives, I found them to be inhabited. They are scarcely large enough [888] for a human being to crawl into, but it would appear that the aged women of the village sleep in them and have dogs for companions. They crawl in somehow, curl up among filthy rags and tattered coverings, and smother themselves to keep warm.

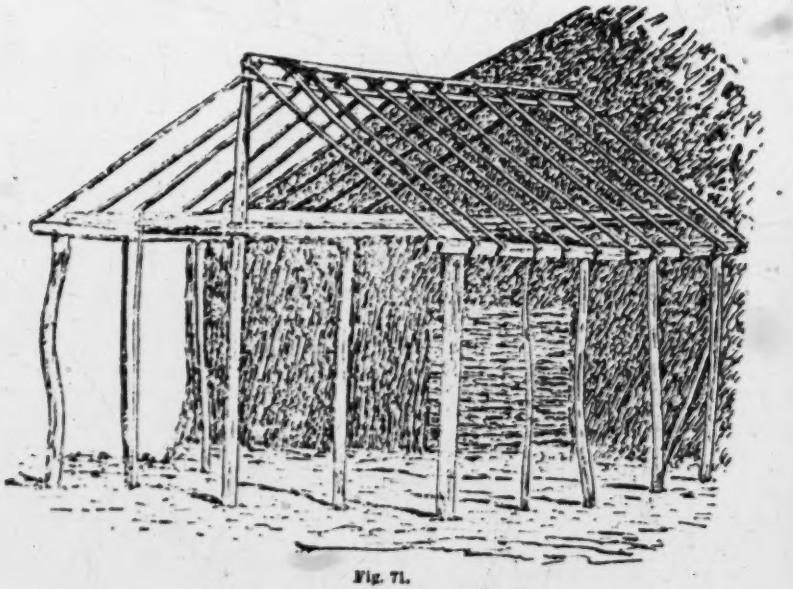

Fig. 71.

FRAME-WORK OF FRONT PART OF AN AINO HOUSE.

(From a photograph.)

The interior of a house at Bekkai, taken from a photograph made with magnesium light, is shown in Plate CIII. The camera was set up in the back window of the house. The main room is well shown, and the outside scenery is glimpsed through the long entrance passage-way.

Entering this house from the front, one must stoop to pass through the doorway which will perhaps have only a mat of straw or reeds to close it. The rectangular passage is used as a storeroom. It is high enough for one to stand in erect. The floor is the damp earth. At the back is a sliding door made of boards, inclining outward toward the bottom, through which, by stooping low, the main room about 18 by 20 feet square is entered. The door is 3 feet in width by 3½ in height. Just inside the door is a space, 3½ feet by 9 feet, where the sandals are left on the bare ground. The floor of this house is made of boards [609] raised about 9 inches above the ground, but they are covered with dirt. A visitor receives a clean mat, which is immediately spread on the floor for his accommodation.

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

a grand appearance to its weird and sterile slopes, which are covered with warmly-tinted cinders, pumice, and lava.

I went over to Mororran, across Volcano Bay, and the following morning I risked my life on a small craft, which took me over to Mombets. From this place I rode on to Uso and Aputa, two Ainu villages at a short distance from each other.

Coming from Japan the first thing that strikes a traveller in the Ainu country is the odour of dried fish, which one can smell everywhere; the next is the great number of crows—the scavengers of the country; lastly, the volcanic nature of the island. On visiting an Ainu village what impressed me most were the miserable and filthy huts, compared with the neat and clean Japanese houses; the poverty and almost appalling dirt of the people and their gentle, submissive nature.

I shall not dwell at length on these Volcano Bay Ainu, as this part of the country is comparatively civilised, and has been travelled over by many people previous to my going there. Besides, most of them have intermarried with Japanese, and have consequently adopted many Japanese customs and manners.

The Ainu of the coast build their huts generally on a single line, near the shore, and each family has its "dug out" canoe drawn up on the beach, ready to hand when wanted. The huts are small and miserable-looking, and they have no furniture or bedding to speak of. The roof and walls are thatched with *arundinaria*, but so imperfectly that wind and rain find easy access through their reedy covering. Curiosity is the only good quality which I ever possessed, and in obedience to it I poked my nose into several of the huts along the beach. This was a mistake on my part, for in the Ainu country the nose is the last thing one ought to poke in anywhere. I was more than astonished to see how human beings could live in such filth! The natives kindly asked me to enter, and I of course did so, stooping low through the small door and raising the mat which protects the aperture. When I was in I could smell a great deal more than I could see, for the east window—the size of a small handkerchief, and the only one in the hut—did not give light enough to illuminate the premises. However, I soon got accustomed to the dimness, and then I could make out my surroundings clearly enough.

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

could make out my surroundings clearly enough. There was an old man, perfectly naked, with a fine head, long white hair and beard, sitting on the ground among a mass of sea-weeds, which he was disentangling and packing. Two young women and two young men, with bright, intelligent eyes and high cheek-bones, were helping him in his work. In their quiet, gentle way they all brought their hands forward, each rubbed the palms together, and, lifting the arms, slowly stroked their hair, and the men their beard with the backs of their hands, while the women rubbed the first finger under the nose from the left to the right. This is their salutation, and it is most graceful. They seemed pleased to see me, and asked me to sit down. As there were neither chairs nor sofas, stools nor cushions, I squatted on the ground.

AINU WOMAN SALUTING.

Most Ainu of Volcano Bay understand Japanese, and they also speak it, interpolating Ainu words when necessary, so I began a conversation. My presence did not seem to disturb them or arouse their curiosity, and, beyond gazing at the mother-of-pearl buttons on my white coat, they did not appear to be struck by me. Evidently the buttons were much more interesting to them than the person who wore them. Now and then they uttered a few words, but whenever one spoke some of the company seemed to be angry, as at an impertinence or a breach of etiquette. Men and women wore large ear-rings or pieces of red or black cloth, which added a great deal to their picturesqueness; but the women were disfigured by a long moustache tattooed across the face from ear to ear. Rough drawings adorn the arms and hands of the women, and some of the younger females would undoubtedly be fine-looking if not disfigured by the tattoos, for they carry themselves well when walking, and possess comely features. Judging from appearances, I should think them very passionate.

Coming out of the hut I saw a scene which I shall never forget. Two naked boys, covered with horrible skin eruptions, had got hold of a large fish-bone, out of which they

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

were endeavouring to make a meal. Round them were gathered about thirty dogs, wild with hunger, barking furiously at the frightened children, and attacking and fighting them for that miserable repast.

I walked along the beach, and endeavoured to make friends with some of the Ainu who were less shy than the others. One little girl was especially picturesque. She was only about ten, and her large eyes, tanned complexion, white teeth, the tiny bluish-black tattoo on her upper lip, her uncombed long black hair flying around her, and her red cloth ear-rings, made her indeed one of the quaintest studies of colour that I have seen in my life. I got her to sit for me; and while I was painting her, an old man, the chief of the village, dressed up in a gaudy costume, with a crown of willow shavings on his head, came to me and made his "salaams." He bore the name of Angotsuro, and before all his salaams were over he found himself "caught in the action" in my sketch-book. Many of the villagers had collected round, and one of them, a half-caste, expressed the wish that I should paint the chief in colours, like the picture of the girl. I asked for nothing better, and started an oil-sketch of him. The excitement of the natives who were witnessing the operation grew greater and greater as each new ornament in the chief's dress was put in the picture. Some seemed to approve of it, others were grumpy, and apparently objected to the picture being taken at all. The *séance* was indeed a stormy one; and though the chief had his regal crown knocked off his head two or three times by the anti-artistic party, he sat well for his likeness, especially as I promised him in Japanese, that when the picture was completed he should be given a few coins and two buttons off my coat.

It was while portraying him that I noticed what extraordinary effects colours produce on those whose eyes are unaccustomed to them. A man in the crowd would get excited, and open his eyes wide and show his teeth every time I happened to touch with my brush the cobalt blue on my palette. Other colours had not the same effect on him. His eyes were continually fixed on the blue, anxiously waiting for the brush to dip in it, and this would then send him into fits of merriment. I squeezed some blue paint from a tube on

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

to the palm of his hand, and he nearly went off his head with delight. He sprang and jumped and yelled, and then ran some way off, where he squatted on the sand, still in admiration of the blue dab on his hand, still grinning at intervals with irrepressible enjoyment. Where the point of the joke was no one but himself ever knew.

When the picture was finished I had no little trouble to keep the many fingers of my audience off the wet painting. Moreover, some person endowed with kindly feelings threw a handful of sand in my face, which nearly blinded me for the moment and partly ruined the two pictures I had painted. The money and the buttons were duly paid to Angotsuro and I moved on.

That same evening I went out for a walk. It was a very dark night, and I love dark nights. When for some years you have done nothing but see strange things and new places there is indeed a great fascination in going about in complete darkness; it rests both your eyes and your brain. I walked for some time along the beach, stumbling against the canoes drawn on shore and against anything that was in my way. Hut after hut was passed, but everything was silent; there was not a sound to be heard, not a light to be seen. The Ainu are early people; they retire with the sun. I walked on yet farther and farther afield, till through the thatched wall of one of the huts I discerned a faint light. I stood and listened. The sad voice of a man was singing a weird, weird song, the weirdest song I have ever heard. Then came a pause, and another voice, even more plaintive than the first, continued the same air.

What with the strange melody in the hut, the soothing noise of the waves gently breaking on the shingle, and the distant howling of dogs or wolves, the mystic effect was such that I could not resist the temptation, and I crept into the hut. A fire was burning in the centre, but it had almost gone out, leaving a lot of smoke. Three old men were sitting on the ground. They decidedly looked as if they did not expect me, but, after their first astonishment was over, they asked me to squat down in a corner, and there I was left to amuse myself, while they resumed their singing and drinking. Of the latter they seemed to have had enough already; but, all the

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

same, several wooden bowls, about five inches in diameter and two deep, were passed round and emptied in no time. The more they drank, the wilder and more melancholy the song became. Only one at a time sang, and he would begin in a very low tone of voice and go up in a *crescendo*, gradually getting awfully excited; then all at once he would stop, as if the effort had been too great for him. His head drooped, and he seemed to sleep. Then, suddenly waking up, coming back to his full senses in a startling manner, he drained one of the bowls, which meantime had been refilled, and resumed the song. The three men were facing each other, and so absorbed were they in their music that, though I was not more than four feet away from them, they seemed to have forgotten me altogether.

I was so impressed with the strangeness of the song that I pulled out my pencil and paper to write down the air. As there was no light but the flicker of the fire, I turned the white leaf of my sketch-book toward it to see what I was writing. This caught the eye of one of the men. He woke up, startled from his musical dream, jumped to his feet, and made a dash for me, yelling some words which I did not understand, and holding over my head something that I could not distinguish at the moment owing to the dimness of the light. Standing thus he paused, evidently waiting for an answer to something he had said. It came from one of the other fellows, who pushed him so violently as to send him sprawling on the floor, while, what he held in his hand—a big, heavy, pointed knife—fell and stuck deep in the ground about an inch from my toes. A dispute arose among themselves, but among the Ainu everything ends up in a drink. The large wooden bowls were again refilled; grand bows were made to me, and they all stroked their hair and beard several times—a sign of great respect. I was then handed one of the bowls and made to swallow the contents. But, heavens! never have I felt any liquid work its way down so far. Had I swallowed fire it could not have been as bad; and, indeed, it was neither more nor less than liquid fire.

As the night was wearing fast, and the old fellows had got on well with their drink, the sing-song became rather too languid and monotonous; and I crept out of the hut as quietly as I had entered it, not without first giving the inmates something for their trouble. I had some difficulty in

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

342
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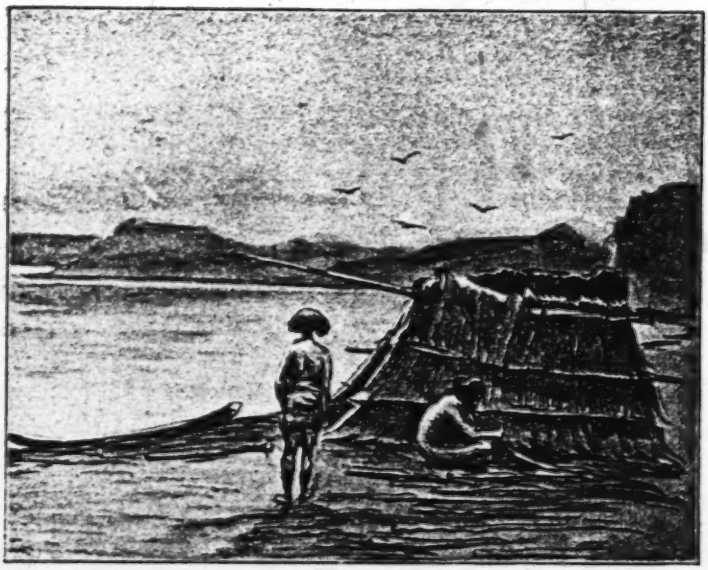
133



FISHERMAN'S HUT.

CHAPTER II.

From Mororran to the Saru River.

361 THIRTEEN more miles in a *basha*—for I was still in civilised regions—took me to Horobets—a village half Ainu and half Japanese.

[552] The Ainu often name their villages after rivers, and this word Horobets, which in English means "large river," is an instance of this custom. In Southern Japan, previous to my visiting Yezo, I was told that nearly all the Ainu of Horobets had become "good Christians." If such were the case, which I do not wish my readers to doubt, the small experience which I had here, led me to believe that "good Christians" often make "very bad heathens."

123
609 I left all my baggage in a tea-house at the entrance of the village, and, taking my paint-box with me, I went for a walk along the beach. I saw a crowd of Ainu in the distance, and I hurried up to them. They were busy skinning a large Ushi-sakana (cow-fish), cutting it into pieces with their long

[P.12]

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

knives. They did not pay much attention to me, and this disregard of what would be to others a cause of curiosity and interruption I afterwards found to be a characteristic of the Ainu. They are seldom distracted from any particular idea that occupies their mind at a certain moment. In fact, they are so little accustomed to reflect at all, that it seems almost impossible for them to think of two things at the same time. Of all the existing races of mankind they may be said to be the most purely one-idea'd.

Stark naked, with their long hair streaming in the wind, they formed a picturesque group. What a chance for a sketch! I sat down on the sand, opened my paint-box, and dashed off a picture, when a young lad, who had taken his share of the fish, came over to see what I was doing. "What is it?" he asked me in broken Japanese, to which question I answered that I was painting the group of them. The news seemed to give him a shock. He rejoined the others, excitedly muttered some words, and apparently told them that I had painted the whole group, fish and all. Had anyone among them been struck by lightning, they could certainly not have looked more dismayed. I never knew until then that painting could have such an overpowering effect on people, except, perhaps, when one has sat to an amateur artist for one's own likeness, the result of which is often one of dumb and blank amazement. Anger and disgust naturally followed. The fish was thrown aside, but not the knives, armed with which they all rushed at my back. The sudden change of ideas had evidently made them exceedingly angry. The grumbling became very loud, and louder still when they saw me complacently giving the finishing touches to the fish, which was now left alone, and not as before shifted about every second. They grew wilder and wilder, until one of the crowd shouted in my ears some words which sounded remarkably like swearing. Nevertheless it takes more than that to stop me from sketching; but . . . "By Jove!" I exclaimed, when, all of a sudden, a rush was made on me. My paint-box, picture, palette and brushes were snatched out of my hands and smashed or flung away, and I found myself stretched on the sand, my late involuntary sitters holding me down fast by the legs and arms. A big knife was kept well over my head, so that I should not attempt

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

123
609

to move, while the painting, on a heavy wooden panel, was being mercilessly destroyed by others. "If these are Christians, well I am . . ." were, I must confess, the first words that rose to my lips.

It is, indeed, difficult to describe how and what one feels when, to all appearance, one is going to be murdered—for painting a fish! My first thought, of course, went to my parents. My next was, what a nuisance it was to be murdered with the sun shining in my eyes, so that I could not even see who would give me the "finishing touch." All the events of my life, the bad ones first, flashed across my mind in those few seconds, and then I almost began to feel as if I had made my first steps into the other world, and I could see angels and devils disputing for my company—the devils, of course, having by far the largest claims. The bitterness of death had in some sense passed, when, to my great astonishment, and with a few, but very sound, kicks I was made to understand that I could get up and go.

The sensation of being brought back to life, when one has made up one's mind to be dead, notwithstanding the abrupt manner in which it was produced, was indeed a pleasant one. I did get up, and pretty quick, I can tell you; but only to see my poor wooden paint-box floating half-smashed in the sea, my brushes stuck here and there in the sand, and the sketch utterly destroyed.

My assailants were about fifteen or twenty, and I was alone. Stupidly enough, and relying on the Christianity of the people, I had not burdened myself with the extra weight of my revolver; I had left it with my heavy luggage in the small Japanese tea-house where I had put up, nearly a mile away. The Japanese police-station was at Washibets, another village some miles off. Nothing was left for me but to pick up the few unbroken brushes which were within easy reach and retire; but I was neither frightened nor conquered, and I swore to myself that I would have my revenge. I hurried to the tea-house, took my revolver, and filled my pocket with cartridges, then I ran back to the spot where I had sketched and been assaulted. There they all were as I had left them, one of them mimicking me with the broken palette, which he had fished out of the sea. I had kept well behind

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

123
609

some thick brushwood, so that they should not see me, and for some time watched them unobserved. The imitation was perfect. The impromptu Raphael's hair was long enough to give him the look of an artist, and he was sufficiently brave to carry on his imitation sketching under a shower of missiles and sand thrown at him by his friends and companions. As he turned his head I recognised in my brother-artist the man who had been holding the knife over my head about an hour before, and also the very person who had given me the soundest kick. Just like a brother-artist! If my sketching had not lasted long, his parody was even shorter. I sprang out from the brushwood screen and caught him by the throat, pointing my revolver at his head, and telling him in Japanese to follow me to the police-station. Another man, attacking me from behind, stabbed me in my left arm, but not very severely, as I saw him just in time to avoid his blow. The sight of my revolver had a salutary effect on my hairy friends, and they were done out of their fun when, keeping them at bay, I told them that if they did not follow me they would all be dead men before they knew where they were. They had seen guns of the Japanese, and they knew the effects of them, so the saucy gentlemen stroked their hair and beard and made signs of submission and obedience. However, I was not to be easily appeased, as it was necessary to give them a lesson to prevent the same thing happening to future travellers; so I made them march in front of me, not caring to have them at my back, and thus took them all to the Japanese police-station, where they were duly arrested. The Japanese are very severe with recalcitrant Ainu, and my assailants would have been unmercifully dealt with had it not been for their wives and children, who came to me begging me to forgive their husbands and fathers for what they had done. I willingly did so, on condition that they should all come and prostrate themselves at my feet, imploring pardon and forgiveness and offering submission, as well as confessing their sorrow. This penitential function was reluctantly fixed by the Japanese policeman—the only one in the place—at a late hour in the afternoon. During the interval, as I fortunately had a large supply of painting materials, I managed to repaint from memory the scene represented in the sketch

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

destroyed. The evening came, and the little Japanese policeman brought the resigned and humbled Ainu to the inn. Their wives and relatives followed, and they all looked supremely mournful and sad. I sat, Japanese fashion, on the small verandah on the ground-floor, and the policeman placed the Ainu on a line in front of me, and then came to sit by my side. He then addressed them, partly in the Ainu language, partly in Japanese, and bestowed on them names which went well to the point. He scolded them harshly, and asked them why they had assaulted me.

One of them, as grave as a judge, with his eyes cast down, and in a half-broken voice, came forward and said, that if once you have your likeness taken you have to give up your life to it, and it brings illness to yourself, to your children, your parents, and your neighbours. Not only that, but as I had *taken* many people together, famine was sure to fall on the country. "Then," he added—and he seemed positive of what he was talking about—"then there was a fish the stranger *made*"—the Ainu have no word for painting—"and had we not destroyed his *makings* all the fish would have disappeared from the sea, and all the Ainu would have died of starvation"—which was a terrible contingency, as the Ainu live mainly by fishing. "We have not hurt the stranger," continued this hairy representative of Master Eustache de St. Pierre, "and now that all the Ainu and the fish he made are destroyed we are safe."

"You are mistaken," said I, when, by the aid of the policeman, I understood the meaning of this long harangue, and I produced the large sketch of the scene which I had repainted from memory. This certainly beat them. They could hardly believe their own eyes, and looked at each other as if some great calamity were approaching. I have no doubt that they considered me an evil spirit, and, as such, too powerful to be contended with. Discretion was their best part of valour, as they proved. One by one they approached the verandah, sat cross-legged in front of me, rubbed their hands together, stroked their hair and beard three times, and three times each put his head down to my feet, begging my pardon. The Ainu women and children who had assembled in the back yard, where the function took place, were crying and moaning

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

piteously. The most trying part for me was, of course, to keep serious during this long tragi-comic performance, and I was indeed glad when it was all over; when my supremacy was acknowledged, and my immunity from further insult secured; when submission had been made, and such whips and stings of outrageous fortune as might come from the painting of a fish had been humbly accepted.

The Ainu are gentle and mild by nature, but, like all ignorant people, they are extremely superstitious, and superstition is a powerful excitant. Nevertheless, they are good people in their own way, and it must not be inferred from this small experience of mine that they are bullies, for they are not. The superstition regarding the reproduction of images is common all through the East, with the exception of the Japanese, and in many parts of Europe itself strange ideas are connected with portrait-painting. In Spain or Italy many a girl of the lower classes would think herself dishonoured if she happened to be sketched unawares, or if her picture were shown without the consent of her parents, brothers, relatives, and the parish priest.

However, these Horobets Ainu are said, since civilisation has set in in that part of Yezo, of late years to have become untrustworthy and violent. They are more given to drunkenness than their neighbours, as they can procure from the Japanese stronger beverages than their own. *Sake* (Japanese wine) of inferior quality is sold and exchanged in large quantities, and has the same fatal effects on them as rum—our fire-water—had on the American Indians.

I was not sorry to leave a village which had displayed so little appreciation of my art. I took two ponies and two pack-saddles, to one of which was lashed my baggage, while I sat on the other. Riding is a delightful pastime when you have a good horse and a good saddle; but not when you have to look after two vicious animals, and are yourself perched on a rough wooden pack-saddle. Moreover, Ainu pack-saddles are perhaps the most uncomfortable of their kind. The illustration shows one of them. It is made with a rough, solid wooden frame, of which the front and back parts are semi-circular. One large hole is perforated in each of these to allow ropes to be passed through. Under this frame are two

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

a mass of white hair and two claws, almost like thin human feet with long hooked nails. A few fish-bones scattered on the ground and a lot of filth were massed together in that corner; and the disgusting odours these exhaled were beyond measure horrible.

"What the devil is that!" I said aloud in my own native tongue. I could hear someone breathing heavily under that mass of white hair, but I could not make out the shape of a human body. I touched the hair, I pulled it, and with a groan, and movements similar to those of a snake uncoiling itself, two thin bony arms suddenly stretched out and clasped my hand. As my eyes were getting accustomed to the dim light I thought I saw some almost worn-out tattoo marks on her arms. Yes, it was a woman in that corner, though her limbs were merely skin and bone, and her long hair and long nails gave her a ghastly appearance. Indeed, crouched as she was, doubled up, with her head on her knees, and the long hair falling over her face and shoulders, it was really difficult to make out what she was.

I asked her to come out, but she was apparently deaf and dumb. I dragged her out, and she made but little resistance; only she preferred crawling on her hands and knees to walking upright on her feet. There is no accounting for people's tastes, and I let her please herself in her manner of locomotion. When she was fairly out in the light I shivered as I looked at the miserable being before me. I lifted up her hair to see the face. Her eyebrows were thick and shaggy, and were joined over the nose. Her eyes were half closed, and dead-looking. The strong light seemed to affect her, and with her hands she was feeling the ground, probably in order to retrace her steps back to the dark spot. Nature could not have inflicted more evils on that wretched creature. She was nearly blind, deaf, and dumb; she apparently suffered from rheumatism, which had doubled up her body and stiffened her bony arms and legs; and, moreover, she showed many of the symptoms of leprosy. Altogether, she was painful, horrible, disgusting, and humiliating to contemplate.

I went back to my ponies to fetch my paint-box. During my absence there had collected round them half-a-dozen Ainu. They did not know what to think of the appearance of the two

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

animals, and the few articles fastened to the pack-saddle were regarded with suspicion. When I appeared on the scene their astonishment was even greater, and it reached its climax when I saluted them in the Ainu fashion, and told them that I was a friend of the Ainu. I unfastened my paint-box and went back to the old woman. She was still where I had left her. All the Ainu present followed me, and when I squatted down they did the same in a semicircle round me. My wretched model attempted several times to crawl inside the hut, but as I was sitting close to her, I prevented her from doing so. There she sat in the most extraordinary position, with her head resting on her left hand, and the stiff fingers of her right hand pressed on the ground. One leg was bent up and the other was folded, resting on the ground and on the foot of the first. She was sniffing the wind, and making efforts to see with her half-blind eyes.

MADWOMAN OF YAMMAKKA.

It is hardly necessary to say that I did not keep my model longer than was strictly necessary, and when the sketch was finished I took her by the arm, brought her back into the hut, and led her to her favourite corner. There she crouched herself again, as I had found her; and there I left her, to bear the miseries of her life, till death, the cure of all woes, shall take away her soul, if not her body, from the filth she had lived in. She was neither ill-treated nor taken care of by the villagers or by her son, who lived in the same hut; but she was regarded as a worthless object, and treated accordingly. A fish was occasionally flung to her, as one would to a beast, and in such a condition this human being had lived, or rather existed, apparently for several years. Not a word was uttered by the villagers during the few minutes I took to paint the sketch. I turned round to inspect my new friends. Others had come up, and these men and women, hairy and partly naked, squatting down amidst filth, and driven half mad by the horse-

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

flies and black-flies, looked just like a large family of restless monkeys. They were gentle and kind—much more so than any of their more civilised brethren; and one of them, a fine old man, came forward when I came out of the hut and wished me to go and see a big yellow bear they had captured. I went, and near the man's hut, in a rough square cage made of crossed branches of trees, was Bruin grinding his teeth as we drew near. In a sing-song monotone the man told me the story of the hunt, and how the bear had been captured. Then we went from one hut to another all through the village. Yamakubiro is the name given to the huts taken collectively, but the man took good care to explain to me that one part of the village (numbering only seven houses) was called Tchiota, and the other, a short distance away, was named Yammakka. Tchiota in the Ainu language means "dead-sand," and Yammakka is "land in behind."

Yammakka has ten huts. The hut in which I had to put up was more than filthy, and I had a sort of presentiment that my landlord was a scoundrel. He saw me giving a small silver Japanese coin to a girl I had painted. From that moment I noticed his eyes were continually fixed on my waistcoat pocket, out of which I had taken the coin. However, I did not think much of that, as all Ainu are fond of beads, metals, or anything that shines. When the evening came I tried to go to sleep on the hard planks, as usual. There is undoubtedly more *board* than *lodging* about Ainu accommodation. Myriads of Taikkis, the tiny but troublesome and uninvited guests of all dirty dwellings, did me the honour to sup off the few drops of blood which remained in my veins. I owed it to a bottle of Keating's Powder that I was not carried away bodily by them. I felt cold and feverish, and having no civilised bed-clothes to cover me, I slept with my clothes on; and this the more willingly, as I felt an instinctive mistrust of my host, and I thought it was as well to be ready for any emergency.

A few salmon were hanging right over my nose. They hung low, but they smelt high. I had been given a place in the south-west corner of the hut, and my landlord retired to the north-east corner. Though this may sound very far, my host was really not more than a few feet away from me. He

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

apparently thought that I had gone to sleep, for I heard him creep to my side. I could not see him, being in absolute darkness, but though he was evidently holding his breath, I could feel the warmth of his face near mine. He was listening to hear if I were asleep. I kept quiet, and pretended to snore. This gave him courage, and sliding his hand gently along my arm, he came to a pocket in my coat. He began to explore it—but the Ainu are an unfortunate people even when they try to steal. He had got hold of a pocket with no bottom to it—a common occurrence in my coats. The more he explored, the more he found there was to explore. I am fond myself of explorations, and I have no objection to a fellow-being, hairy or not hairy, "prospecting" my empty pockets or my pockets which have no bottom to them. However, my host was not satisfied with the first results of his researches, and with his hand still through the torn lining of the coat-pocket proceeded to investigate the contents of my waistcoat pockets. This was a different matter altogether, and catching hold of him before he was able to disentangle himself, I swung his arm away and hit him hard on the head with my right fist.

"Wooi!" cried he in despair, and half stunned, as he scrambled away as best he could to his north-east corner. By way of apology and excuse, and with a trembling voice, the man from his corner said that he had only come to sleep on my side of the hut, as the wind was blowing strong where he had lain down, and that my side was warmer. A good excuse indeed when you are caught *flagrante delicto* pickpocketing!

The salmon which my host gave me last night for dinner and this morning for breakfast was so rotten, that, hungry as I was, I could not eat it. From Yammakka, in a westerly direction, the way begins with a gentle incline; therefore there is a complete absence of the high and troublesome reeds which I had found in the vast marshy plain I had crossed on my way here from the coast. I intended pushing on to Frishikobets, a larger village some miles off. The old scoundrel wanted to accompany me part of the way, saying that there were two dangerous rivers to cross, and he would show me where to wade them. I fancied that they were as dangerous as they were imaginary, and I started off declining his offer.

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

I came across several Ainu huts on my way, passed the village of Pensatsunai—six Ainu huts—on the Satsunai river, an affluent of the Tokachi, and then arrived at Obishiro in the afternoon. There are seven houses at Obishiro. I entered one of them, and to my astonishment I found myself in front of an old man and a pretty woman, whose appearance and manners were as refined as those of the better classes in Japan. A younger man also came in. Their astonishment was as great as mine, as they had not seen any civilised beings since they had been there. Though the outside of their dwelling was not prepossessing, the inside was so clean that I felt as if I had dropped into heaven. After what I had gone through, this unexpected *rencontre* brought me back to life and a belief in the proprieties of a civilised existence, almost forgotten by now!

These people had a romantic history. Watanabe Masaru—the younger man—was a Japanese gentleman by birth and education, but he had no fortune. Of an adventurous disposition, clever, sensitive, and tired of the conventionalities of his fatherland, he decided eight or ten years ago to emigrate to Hokkaido, and there lead the life of a colonist. The woman he loved was as brave and constant as he. She sailed with him and her father from Japan, and after a long and perilous journey in a junk (sailing boat), they landed at the mouth of the Tokachi River. In Ainu canoes they went up the river, and established themselves at Obishiro, far from civilisation, nearly in the centre of Yezo. At first they had a great deal of trouble with the natives, but now they are loved by all. There, with two lovely children, they lead an ideal life, far from the madding crowd and noise of the world, and freed from the vulgarity of society.

I rode on to Frishikobets village, situated on the Frishiko, "old river," and in the midst of a beautiful plain. There are only twenty-eight houses, and they are scattered about in the plain at a distance of several hundred yards one from the other. Some of the huts were hidden in the forest. A peculiarity of the Ainu of the Upper Tokachi River is, that they frequently cover their dwellings and storehouses with the bark of trees, instead of with reeds, as is the custom among the Ainu of the Saru River and Volcano Bay.

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

and I returned to Obishiro. It is not often that one anywhere meets with such simple, straightforward people as these Watanabes. They have lived alone at Obishiro for eight years among savages, but never in my life have I met with more civilised, kind, thoughtful, gentle beings than Watanabe and his wife. As civilisation makes savages bad, I dare say savage life makes civilised people good! I go away carrying with me a deep affection for these gentle strangers, whose kindness to me has made them my friends.

The day came for me to return to the coast. My ponies, probably frightened by bears, broke loose during the night, and one of them ran away; and I was rather in a difficulty as to how I should get back whence I had come. Watanabe, adding kindness to kindness, allowed me to have one of his ponies, and after repeated good-byes I started on my journey back to the coast. About four miles east of Yammakka the Tokachi River receives a large affluent, the Toshibets, or "river of high swamps." The Tunnui Puto is the largest of these swamps, about four miles north of the mouth of the Toshibets. *Tunnui* means a kind of tree, probably the *Quercus dentata*; *puto* or *put* means the mouth of a river. The course of the Toshibets River is almost from due north to south from its source, then for about six or seven miles from north-west to south-east, and, sharply turning again from north to south, continues in this direction winding continually for eighteen or twenty miles, till it throws itself with a large body of water in the Tokachi River. On the southern side of the latter part of the watercourse are found the Ainu villages of Pombets, twenty-two huts; Purokenashpa,[1] three huts; Kenashpa,[2] twelve huts; and Beppo,[3] eleven huts. The characteristics of the natives of these villages and their habitations are similar to those already described at Frishikobets. The journey down was much the same as that coming up. Tobuts, on the north side of the Tokachi, is the largest Ainu village in the district, and has as many as sixty huts. The inhabitants are possessed of a somewhat fiery temper in this particular village, and the day previous to my going through two men were killed in a row.

[1] *Puro*, great; *ke*, I; *nashpa*, deafening noise.
[2] *Ke*, I; *nashpa*, deafening noise.
[3] *Beppo* or *pet put*, at the mouth of a river.

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

leading my tired beast, and dragging him along as well as I could. Every few yards the wretched creature collapsed, and it took a lot of petting, caressing, encouraging and beating to make him get up again. I had ridden and walked about fourteen hours in the rain, and was nearly frozen to death.

Since I had got out of the forest a bitterly cold north wind chilled me through and through, and added the last touch to my weariness and discomfort. Again the pony fell, and all my efforts to make him get up were useless. The storm, if anything, seemed to increase in violence, while my own strength was decreasing every minute. I lay down by the side of the pony, trying to warm myself by his heat, and, shivering and rattling my teeth together, I tried to go to sleep.

A couple of hours were spent in this way, and when the moon rose I could see a little clearer. I climbed with hands and feet on to the sand-hills, and I fancied I saw some dark spots in the distance. Could they be Shari? First one end of my whip, then the other, was reduced into pulp on my pony's back, and with a great effort he again stood on all four legs. I had to support the wretch all the way, as you would a drunken man, and we went at the rate of less than a mile an hour. The spots grew bigger and bigger, and took the shape of huts.

"Hem, hem, hem, hem!" I called out at the first hut, while three or four dogs barked furiously and went for my legs. "Will you let a stranger sleep here to-night?"

"This is no house for strangers; go elsewhere!" answered a drowsy hoarse voice from inside.

"May you be kept —— hot!" said I, in pure Ainu fashion, though in my heart I attached quite a different meaning to the sentence from that which the hairy people give it; and wearily I pulled myself together and passed on.

A shadow crept out of one of the huts, and thanks to that shadow I found a shelter for the night. There are fifty Ainu huts at Shari, and ten Japanese, with an Ainu population of about one hundred souls. The Ainu here have adopted Japanese clothes, and many of them eat Japanese food when they can get it. The Ainu women of Shari are exceedingly pretty, as

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

The Ainu women of Shari are exceedingly pretty, as they do not tattoo the long moustache across their faces, like other Ainu. Some of them have a small semicircular tattoo on the upper lip, which is not very displeasing to the eye; and in some cases is even becoming. The girls have also given up tattooing their arms. The men are much taller than the Ainu men of other regions, and they seem to be rather ill-natured. Japanese blood can be detected in many of them, and that may account for it. While the women are prettier, the men have repulsive faces, possessing all the characteristics of purely criminal types.

One young fellow who sat for me was the very image of Robespierre in his worst moments, and an old man who sat for me afterwards would, according to Phrenology, prove to be a murderer of the first water. This gentleman was a troublesome sitter, and excelled in making the most awful faces, which were accompanied by sounds imitating those of wild beasts. The Shari Ainu build their storehouses with cylindrical roofs, similar to those of their brethren on the Kutcharo Lake.

After the heavy storm of the previous night the weather cleared up for the rest of the day, and the sunset, reflected in the limpid waters of the river, was simply magnificent. On the other side, sheltered by the sand-hills, were a few Ainu huts standing out against the brilliant red and yellow sky, and here and there a large fish jumped out of the water, leaving circle after circle of concentric rings to break for the moment the reflection in the water.

From Shari to Abashiri the road is for some distance among trees, mostly fir and spruce, and then the Tobuts Lake is reached, half of which is a mere marsh. It is picturesquely situated, and I followed its borders for about three miles, having the sea on one side, the lake on the other. The track was easy and mostly on sand. At the outlet of the lake into the sea is the Ainu village of Tobuts, access to which is to be had only by boat, as the river is extremely deep, and its current very swift.

In the proximity of Tobuts another and smaller lake, the Opoto, with its short and winding estuary, is on the left of the traveller, while a long way ahead the Abashiri rocks stand high on the horizon. A few Ainu huts are scattered along the

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

—the Notoro-ko. The Abashiri Lake finds an outlet in a river which goes by the same name of, and falls into the pretty Bay of Abashiri; but the Notoro-ko, as well as the larger lagoon of Saruma-ko, which one comes upon after having passed the two villages of Tukoro and Tobuts, open directly into the sea. The strong current and the tide often block the entrance of these lagoons, and the rising water finds an outlet in a different spot. These lagoons are separated from the sea by a long and narrow strip of sand-hill; and crossing the outlet always involves great danger if the unwary traveller does not choose the right moment. The tide creating a great inequality of level between the sea and the lake, it follows that at the opening of the lagoon the water either throws itself from the sea into the lagoon, or *vice versâ*, according to the ebb or flow, and makes a kind of whirlpool. The Saruma Lake being much larger than any of the others, while its mouth is much smaller, and underlaid with quicksands, the danger is even greater, and the safest way is always to get across in a boat at slack water. The Saruma Lake is about fifteen miles in length and from two to three miles wide. Its water is salt, and large oyster-banks are found in it. It is also a favourite resort for seal and mallard. In winter they can be killed in great numbers, but in the warmer months they are shy, and very difficult to approach. The south-western shore of the lake is thickly wooded, and has as a background a long range of high mountains with smaller mountains in front of it.

At Tobuts, a small village of a few huts, situated at the mouth of the Saruma lagoon, I halted for the night. There was a change in my diet that day, and I was entertained, or rather I entertained myself, to an oyster supper. They were enormous oysters, similar to those found at Akkeshi, but not very palatable. However, I was in luck that day, and not only did I have this oyster supper, but I actually was the hero of a tender little idyll. In this country surprises never come alone, and while I was sketching in the twilight to pass away the time, a tall slim figure of a girl came out of one of the huts. She had slipped her arms out of her robe, leaving the latter to hang from the girdle, and her breasts, arms, and the lower half of her legs were uncovered. She was pretty and quaint with her tattooed arms and a semicircular black

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

spot on her upper lip. She walked a few steps forward, and when she saw me she stopped. She looked at me and I looked at her. Hers, with her soft eyes, was one of those looks which a man feels right through his body, notwithstanding all the self-control he may possess. There she stood, a graceful silhouette, with a bucket made of tree-bark in one hand and a vine-tree rope in the other, her supple figure almost motionless, and her eyes fixed on me. She was the most lovely Ainu girl I had ever come across, and not nearly so hairy as most of them. Indeed, in that soft twilight, and her wavy long hair blown by the fresh breeze, she was a perfect dream.

AN AINU BELLE.

"Wakka!" ("Water!") cried an angry old voice from inside the hut, interrupting the beginning of our romance, and she sadly went to the brook, filled her bucket with water, and took it into the hut. It was only a few seconds before she reappeared, and came closer, and I finished the sketch somewhat hurriedly.

"Let me see the tattoo on your arm," I asked her, and to my surprise the pretty maid took my hand in both her own, gave me one of those looks that I shall never forget, and her head fell on my shoulder. She clutched my hand tightly, and pressed it to her chest, and a force stronger than myself brought her and myself to the neighbouring forest. There we wandered and wandered till it grew very dark; we sat down, we chattered, we made love to each other; then we returned.

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

I would not have mentioned this small episode if her ways of flirting had not been so extraordinary and funny. Loving and biting went together with her. She could not do the one without doing the other. As we sat on a stone in the semi-darkness she began by gently biting my fingers, without hurting me, as affectionate dogs often do to their masters; she then bit my arm, then my shoulder, and when she had worked herself up into a passion she put her arms round my neck and bit my cheeks. It was undoubtedly a curious way of making love, and when I had been bitten all over, and was pretty tired of the new sensation, we retired to our respective homes.

In the evening, as I was writing my diary by the light of one of the oyster-shell primitive lamps, somebody noiselessly crept by my side. I turned my head round. It was she! She grew more and more sentimental as it grew later, and she bestowed on me caresses and bites in profusion. Kissing, apparently, was an unknown art to her. The old woman, in whose house I was, slept soundly all through this, as old women generally do on such occasions. By the mysterious light of the dying wick, casting heavy shadows, which marked her features strongly, with her jet-black wild hair fading away into the black background, with her passionate eyes, and her round, statue-like arms, the girl was more like a strange fairy than a human being.

I sketched her twice in pencil, and the wick—that wretched wick!—grew feeble, and, for the lack of oil, began to dwindle away. I persuaded her to return to her hut, and with a few "bites" my hairy maid and I parted.

The morning came, and I was up early. In the vicinity of the huts I found three Koro-pok-kuru pits similar to those we have already seen; and previous to arriving at Tobuts I also found a fort belonging to the pre-Ainu race. From Tobuts, continuing my journey north, on the stretch of sand between the water of the sea and that of the Saruma lake the travelling was fairly easy but monotonous. The long chain of mountains on the other side of the lake was magnificent in the morning light. For twenty-two miles this went on; then I had to cross the Yubets River in the picturesque spot where its waters divide before again uniting

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890) 1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

The other contrivance in Ainu huts which strikes one as being simple but clever is the hook suspended over the fire. The rope is passed over a rafter. One end of it is fastened to the hook, the other, as shown in the illustration, to a piece of wood through which the hook has previously been passed.

ROASTING HOOK.

Mat-making is closely allied to weaving, and is worked entirely on the same principle, but without the aid of any kind of machinery. The bulrushes are crossed and woven coarsely, and plaited flat. One of these mats is used in Ainu huts as a door—"the *Apa Otki*." A smaller one is hung over or by the window.

Naturally, Ainu huts are somewhat draughty The imperfectness of the door and window-fittings, the large outlet for the smoke, besides the wind which finds its way through the thatched walls, make Ainu dwellings "ideal" to anyone wishing to "catch his death of cold." The Ainu do not much mind it.

The roof is low, and from it hang the winter provisions of dried salmon captured during the autumn. This gives an additional odour to the already strong scent of the hut—an "ancient fish-like smell," not redolent of the perfumes of Arabia. The smoke inside the hut is so dense when there happens to be a fire burning that one's eyes stream with involuntary tears, and one is nearly choked. When the days are short in winter the Ainu sometimes light their dwellings with a stick to which is fastened a piece of animal fat. It is hung up aloft, and when the lower end is lighted the fat slowly melting serves to feed the flame and keep this primitive lamp alight. Another mode of illumination is by firing a lighted piece of birch bark on a stick previously split at the upper end. The third way is by filling a large shell with fish-oil and burning in it a few strings of elm-fibre. None of these methods come much into use for everyday life, as, unlike the negroes, the Ainu are not fond of sitting up at night, except on extraordinary occasions; and when by chance they do sit up it is by the light of the fire only.

If a stranger stops for the night in an Ainu hut, he is made to sleep directly under the east window; but the family take good care to sleep all together on the north side, which is the

4: Landor T-5 (ca. 1890)1893 AB6 Ainu AB6

most distant point from the door and the window. Occasional callers are received on the side nearest to the door.

The few Ainu who possess mats on which they sit during the day hang them up at night round the hut, probably to protect themselves from the liberal ventilation, which even those who are used to it find trying when a gale is blowing or the thermometer is very low.

There is no particular spot inside the hut set apart for meals, and the refuse is either thrown into a corner of the hut or flung outside the door and left there. It is difficult to say whether the inside or the outside of an Ainu hut is the dirtier. Heaps of stinking refuse are accumulated round the dwellings, and in summer-time these heaps are alive with vermin—mosquitoes, flies, *abu*, and black-flies. It is quite sufficient to move a step from the door to see a cloud of these noxious insects rise, and each one of them will have a bite at you.

Inside the house you are no better off. *Taikki* (fleas) are innumerable, and of all sizes, not to mention other well-known but usually anonymous enemies of the human skin.

The first night I slept in an Ainu hut, though I was provided with insecticide powder, I was literally covered with bites. With my fondness for statistics I proceeded to count them, and only from my ankle to my knee I counted as many as 220. The rest of my body and my head were covered in the same proportion, but I gave up the attempt to ascertain the exact number—the task was too overwhelming. My skin, however, got so inflamed by these bites as to produce fever, which lasted two or three days. After that time I never again suffered to such an extent, perhaps owing to the fact that no free spot was left to attack, or may be from that curious process called acclimatisation.

The Ainu huts are built entirely above ground, and are used alike in winter and summer.

In olden times the hut was always destroyed at the death of its owner, or when abandoned; but in the former case the custom is seldom practised now, and in the latter they are merely left to decay.

It is singular that migrating Ainu, coming across an uninhabited hut, never live in it, but build a new one for themselves.

11: Watanabe E-4,5 (1951-1959) 1964 AB6 Ainu AB6

ekashi ikiru so that he could obtain the right to perform the *kamuinomi* ritual associated with the ancestor mark, *ekashi itokpa*, of the core *ekashi ikiru* and he had to observe these rituals when it was necessary[1].

The transmission of *ekashi itokpa* and the associated ritual had to be performed by the headman of the daughter's father's local group. The *ekashi itokpa* newly obtained was called *matchama itokpa*, the *itokpa* of woman's side. It was the duty of the new comer to observe the ritual for deities of his wife's father's *ekashi ikiru* with the offering-sticks, *kamuinomi inau*, bearing the *matchama itokpa* on some necessary occasions. The bear ceremony was certainly one but what others were could not be identified. The new comer was thus affiliated with the local group of his wife's father but he continued to hold his own *itokpa* inherited[1] from his father and to observe the ritual associated therewith[2]. It means that he was not fully adopted to the core *ekashi ikiru* but was semi-adopted. But with his sons it was not so. The first son was affiliated with his father's *ekashi ikiru* and not with that of his mother's father; he was expected to go back to live with the local group to the core of which his father or his patrilineal male ancester belonged. All sons except the first were expected to live with the local group in which they were born; however, they might be affiliated with either of their father's *ekashi ikiru* or their mother's father's, i.e. the core *ekashi ikiru*. Which of the above *ekashi ikiru* they were to be affiliated with was determined under the direction of their headman. In case of affiliaton with their father's *ekashi ikiru* they had to inherit the *itokpa* and the associated ritual of their father as their own to "follow the ancestors of their father's side". But to live there as the regular members of the group they had also to obtain the *itokpa* of their mother's father's *ekashi ikiru* besides their own and to participate in the ritual of the group on some necessary occasions. In case of adoption into their mother's father's *ekashi ikiru*, i.e. the core *ekashi ikiru*, they inherited the *itokpa* and the associated ritual of their mother's father to "follow the ancestors of their mother's father's side", and lived with them. The senior son could also remain to live among the local group in which he was born by going through the same procedure as his father had gone through when he came to live there.

All the procedures stated above had to be followed under the direction of the headman of their local group and the transmission of the *itokpa* and the associated ritual had to be obserbed[2] by him.

In some Ainu local groups there were found, besides regular members, a certain number of persons in the category of *anun utari*, foreign people. The word was prefixed with the name of the river where they stayed, e.g. *Otopuke anun utari* and so forth. By *anun utari* is meant observers of *anun kamuinomi* or non-local *kamuinomi* rituals. They fall under two classes.

1, [Errata: the word "inherited" should read "inherited". Cf. errata sheet, p. 164-B--Analyst]

2, [Errata: the word "obserbed" should read "observed"--Analyst]

11: Watanabe E-4,5 (1951-1959) 1964 AB6 Ainu AB6

621 To one class belonged those from other places who, relying on some affinal
602 relationship or kinship with a local member, had come to stay as a sort of guest by his or her side. With the aid from the member and the headman, they were to remain for a year or two, or even four or five, enjoying hunting and fishing with regular members and then to go home again to their
621 native area. They were usually married and were with their families. To the
609 other class belonged those who had no relations among the local group mem-
574 bers but, pressed by narrow circumstances, had come for aid from them. After passing certain questionings by some one headman they were taken in
[343] and then, whether married or single, male or female, were temporarily housed for the first year or two by the side of the headman's, for instance, under the floor of his elevated storehouse built on piles. Provided also by him with food and clothing, they were to live by helping in manual work for the headman and his people, all under his directions and supervision. They were called *ussiu*. Eventually, as their character and personal cirumstances became known, the headman, if convinced of their good intention, real need and absence of selfish conduct, gave permission for them to build and to live in a house of their own somewhere in the area according to his directions. Nevertheless, they remained *anun utari* just as before; at all times in hunting and fishing they were under watchful supervision in case they should behave wrongly or thoughtlessly and ignore the nature-spirits venerated by the local
[382] members. If they were single, the headman usually arranged marriages for them with some local women with whom to make a home in the area. No longer *anun utari*, they were then counted as regular members. The marriage procedures and the resultant new status seem to have been all similar to those previously described for affiliates with the local group. Though in point of fact not much is known of their concrete activities and status, some evidence well bear out their existence[16].

Shine Itokpa Group.

614 Neighbouring local groups were aggregated into larger territorial groups[17]. The larger group was called as *shine itokpa uko koru utaru*, one and the same *itokpa* jointly possessing people, or in abbreviation *shine utaru*, one and the same people. The present writer calls it *shine itokpa* group. The group usually consisted of several local groups next to each other along a river as distinguished by the Ainu. In Azuma, however, one of the two *shine itokpa* groups nearer to the coast consisted of a mono-settlement local group called *pishun kotan* or *pishun utaru* (Note 43). The cores of the member local groups were held to be a group of patrilineal kinsmen, *shine ekashi ikiru*, descended from an ancient common male ancestor of local origin. It was the *itokpa* of this ancestor which was possessed by every member of the *shine itokpa*

11: Watanabe E-4,5 (1951-1959) 1964 AB6 Ainu AB6

The *ekashi ikiru*, instead of standing for a lineage in the strict sense of the word, tends to serve as a means of consolidating the *kotan* as a territorial group" ibid.). While stating, however, that "the male members of the *kotan* constituted one or more patrilineal kinship groups, called *ekashi ikiru*," SUGIURA makes no reference as to how an outsider might gain a membership of "a *kotan* with more than one *ekashi ikiru* groups" (ibid.). For this point we must turn to IZUMI, who worked with SUGIURA on the same survey. Resting wholly on the first set of data without touching on the second which was regarded by SUGIURA as deviation from the norm, IZUMI gives the following remarks. "Usually, members of a *kotan* consist of families of one and the same family line (*ekasni ikiru*), and rarely of more than one.... Every stranger entering the *kotan* must be reported to the chief, *kotan koru kuru*.... The chief (after much deliberation) calls a village assembly, *ukoramkoru*, to ask for general consent.... If married, the newcomers receive permission to put up a temporary shed on the *kotan keshi*, lower outskirt of the village. If unmarried, the person is taken in charge of some willing household. These people are called *tomta ek kur* (newcomer) or *iyor un kur* (hanger-on). They are not the members of the village so that they have difficulty in getting a living within the *iworu* (rendered 'arena of life' by IZUMI; p. 70 and Note 58) of the *kotan*. As a result, a bachelor will have to offer himself as servant to the household where he is staying, doing such work as is appointed by the master. A married couple have to sustain their lives by labouring in the service of the *kotan koru kuru* and some other person. At the end of a year or two the chief calls another assembly, at which, if there is no objecton, a ritual called *tomta onkami* is arranged to take the newcomer formerly into *kotan* membership. If, however, there are many objections, the person is driven out of the community.... If the newcomer is too young to know his *itokpa* family mark) and *pase onkami* (*kamuiromi* ritual for some important *kamui*, or if he is marrying a girl of the *kotan* as son-in-law (*inau ramat*, heir), the person goes off his old *ekashi ikiru* and obtains new *itokpa* and *pase onkami* to become a member of the *ekashi ikiru*. This procedure is what is called *itokpa kikiraye*. If the village is composed of more than one *ekashi ikiru*, he goes into one or the other of the groups. An adopted son naturally goes into that group to which his adoptive family belongs. In all other cases it is usual for the newcomer, by means of *itokpa kikiraye*, to go into that of the household where he is staying as *iyor un kuru*. For married *tomta* who are familiar with their *ekashi ikiru*, its *itokpa* and *pase onkami*, the *itokpa kikiraye* is not so simple a procedure. If a *tomta* is thoughtful and is desirous of entering any one of the *ekashi ikiru* groups in the *kotan*, he must either entrust or contribute the best part of his treasures to the *kotan koru kuru* (if there is only one *ekashi ikiru* in the village) or to that *utaru pake*, head of

an *ekashi ikiru*, who has approved of his *itokpa kikiyare* (if there are more than one)" (IZUMI, 1951, pp. 34-35). So far as the Tokapchi and Otopuke valleys before the land allotment are concerned, there is no evidence of a village assembly to assume such political functions in the days when the headmen swayed in the traditional way. Again, in these two valleys at least, *itokpa kikiraye* did not represent a transmission of an *itokpa* with associated ritual for affiliation into a local group. Instead, it is said to have meant an exchange of *ekashi itokpa* between two persons out of peculiar interest in the history of each other's *itokpa*, though detailed circumstances for such an action are not known. When such occurred, though very rarely with justification, it is said that the procedure required full sanction and directions from the headmen concerned.

Now the first question that arises will be about the relation between *utaru pake* (head of *ekashi ikiru*) and *kotan koru kuru* (head of local group). Concerning this point IZUMI remarks: "The *kotan koru kuru* is head of the *kotan* as territorial group; in case of a *kotan* of *shine* (one) *ekashi ikiru* he is at the same time *utaru pake*, head of the kin group that forms the *kotan*. Within a *kotan* with more than one *ekashi ikiru*, so views one informant, Hachiro Kurokawa of Nuki-pet, each *ekashi ikiru* had an *utar pake* of its own, that of the most influential acting as *kotan koru kuru* as well. In contradiction to the view another informant, Kunimatsu Nitani of Niputani, informs: 'The word *utaru pake* means, not "Zoku-chō" (*head of ekashi ikiru*), but a "big man" or "old man". If you look for a word meaning "Zoku-chō" the word "*utaru koru kuru*" (person who owns people) would be more appropriate. *Utaru koru kuru* in this sense would then be synonymous with *kotan koru kuru*. However, even in a *kotan* with more than one *ekashi ikiru* the presence of an *utaru koru kuru* apart from the *kotan koru kuru* has never been heard of.' More extensive investigation seems necessary before anything can be said with certainty about which of these views is correct or if either view holds good of some particular localities...." (ibid. p. 35).

Regarding this conflict of information SUGIURA makes the following remarks. "However, when more than one *ekasni ikiru* groups formed a *kotan*, did only one head and no one else represent the *kotan*?.... No evidence has been available to prove the theory that the *ekashi ikiru* formed a territorial group on the basis of the *kotan*, its chief (*utaru pake*) directing and controlling the male members sharing *shine* (one) *itokpa*. On the other hand it seems that there is not sufficient ground to deny the presence of the *utaru pake*. As far as is known today, the social life in the *kotan*, conducted chiefly on family basis, shows no sign of a strong solidarity worthy of an *ekashi ikiru*. The *pase onkami* mentioned above and the ancestor-ritual to be mentioned later are both apparently on a family level and not events for collec-

1, [Errata: the word "meang" should read "meaning". Cf. errata sheet, p. 164-A--Analyst]

11: Watanabe E-4,5 (1951-1959) 1964 AB6 Ainu AB6

home to Rucha with her husband, a Tokapchi man, and their children and, after staying for about four years at a house of their building close by Kazari's, went back again to their area.

An ancestress five generations before Kazari, who came from Arumoisan, or Kitami as it is now called, was turned out of home by her husband who was also of Arumoisan. Crossing the mountains with an infant boy, she came over to Otopuke seeking help. Here, after working for some time as *ussiu*, servant, to the then headman of Naitai, she was remarried to an Otopuke man; her son when grown up married a local daughter and settled down as a regular member of the local group.

A few more examples follow which are related to the *anun utari* that came to the Tokapchi river area from the Ishikari. An Ishikari married couple came across the mountains with two sons called Ukachipi and Kotumiseainu, a daughter called Shureshu and an unmarried young man. They came to Nitmap *kotan*, whose headman—by what process or circumstances no one now knows—arranged for them eventually to build a house at Penke Pipaushi, and lived there. Whether the man and woman went back to Ishikari or not is unknown; when Ushino, my informant from Nitmap, knew, they had both already died. Their children who had come to Tokapchi when very young grew up there. Ukachipi married an elder sister of Ekarison of Sanenkoro *kotan* (Genealogical Chart 5, S 11), Kotumiseainu married a woman of Shupusara *kotan* on the middle Tokapchi and Shureshu, the daughter, became wife of Hontomoainu of Kumaushi *kotan* (Genealogical Chart 4, KM 29). The young man brought with them from Ishikari afterwards went home, where he married a local woman; later he came again with his wife to live in Tokapchi and there begot a son. But later he again went back to Ishikari.

There were two families who had come to Tokapchi from Chikapuni in Ishikari where they were to return after a few years. They were Tamanipeki (Genealogical Chart 2, N3) and her husband and Tuapanu (Genealogical Chart 5, S7) and her husband with their young daughters Returen and Tukisamat and son Yaitekka. Little is known about what circumstances or relationship had brought them where they were; but at any rate Inautakaainu (Genealogical Chart 6, M3), who married a woman from Kuttarashi and lived at Moseushi, and his sister Wenshiko (Genealogical Chart 2, N7), wife of Arayok of Nitmap, were Tamenipeki's children by her first husband; Kotanumat (Genealogical Chart 7, ST9), wife of Mauekainu of the Satnai area, was her child by her second husband that came with her to Tokapchi. Tukisamat (Genealogical Chart 5, S17), first daughter of Tuapano, was also married to Opittakoro of Sanenkoro *kotan* in Tokapchi.

There is no doubt about these children of Tamanipeki and Tuapano having married before their parents went home to Ishikari, but little can be

11: Watanabe E-4,5 (1951-1959) 1964 AB6 Ainu AB6

known as to when and how their marriages came about. When Tamenipeki and Tuapano went home, Wenshiko and her husband Arayok with another man saw them part of the way. On their way back, in a border mountain of Ishikari and Tokapchi, a bear attaked[1] them and killed the two men. The women escaped and came back to Tokapchi, where they settled down. Tamanipeki was old; she remained a widow all her life. Tuapanu was remarried to Sunkran of Kuttarashi (Genealogical Chart 5, S8).

17 The formation of a kind of corporate group by a number of local groups whose cores were patrilineally related, has already been suggested by TAKAKURA on historical documents, although no discrimination was made between settlement group and local group. He states: "This fact (supreme importance being attached to family lines) made even a *kotan* chief to obey in reverence the head house of the mother *kotan*. The result was a number of chiefs who exercised a vast influence over several *kotan* as masters of head houses.... Among the best known of such chiefs in history were Shakshain of the Shibichari, Obinishi of the Saru, and Hankase of the Ishikari, each of whom was not only head of a single *kotan* but also a big chief controlling several *kotan* in their areas. Actually, however, there were few occasions for corporation between several *kotan*, so that, save for joint ritual observance and adjustment of inter-settlement disputes, those big chiefs remained as mere head of the *kotan* under their direct control. The *koton* was for the Ainu the unit of social life") TAKAKURA, 1942, pp. 29-30). Again, he notices the presence of a (patrilineal) kin group with a common family mark (*itokpa*), a common deity (*paseonkami*) and deriving, in the belief of the Ainu themselves, from a common male ancestor (*ekashimoto*); and this he terms "ujizoku" (clan) (TAKAKURA, in Teikoku Gakushi-in, ed., 1944, pp. 57-58). He concludes that though its functional charactristics are unknown, the 'clan' in olden times had apparently a joint responsibility in matters of offence and retaliation; that the largest possible of all Ainu kinship organizations was the patrilineal 'clan' or 'federation of clans' organized on occasions against some common enemy (ibid. p. 58). No reference is made to the relationship between the 'clan' or 'federation of clans' and the territorial groups.

The existence of the terms denoting the upper group, *peni un utaru*, and the lower group, *pana un utaru*, on a river, or the upper, the middle and the lower group of a river, has been pointed out by KINTAICHI with regard to the Ishikari River (KINTAICHI, 1937, p. 109), by IZUMI with the Saru River (IZUMI, 1951, p. 31), and by SUGIURA with the Shibichari (K. SUGIURA's oral information to the writer). It remains to be proved, however, if the larger categories each stood for a corporate kin group in any sense. In the upper Tokapchi area there are found two terms *peni un utaru* and *petomun utaru*

1. [Errata: the word "attaked" should read "attacked". Cf. errata sheet, p. 164-A--Analyst]